

Intertwining States: Agent Florida

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Summary: This is a two sided story based off of RoosterTeeth's RvB. This side of Intertwining States is told by Agent Florida, written by Amelia Febles with the help of Agent Alabama's writer, Elana Vaughan. Come along and read about life in Project Freelancer.

Intertwining States: Agent Florida

AN: Please enjoy Agent Florida's adventures through the magical universe of My Little Freelancers...Make sure to read the second side of Intertwining States! That side is written by my lovely, Welsh, bitch of a partner, Elana Vaughan, as the even lovelier Agent Alabama. Seriously, guys...YOU SHOULD READ THIS. Especially if you think Joel Heyman is one fine man.

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><p>I gritted my teeth as Phoenix Seven-Niner shook violently. "Command? I am going to shit a brick if the ship keeps shaking like this." I informed the officers tracking my movement back at Headquarters. "Just keep calm, Agent Florida." an officer replied annoyingly. **Bitch.** _I cursed at him in my head. I scanned ahead in the endless, starry abyss we call space. And for awhile, it's been my home. I looked back, even though I knew there was no window located at the back of the vessel, wanting to get a last glimpse of my home for the past two years. Of course, this is when I realized I was being ridiculous. "Hoping to get a last glimpse?" I scoffed at myself. "I'm such a retard."_

"_Agent Florida," I heard Command say. "You are nearing the black hole. Please, turn on your Energy Shield Mechanism." This is when panic started to settle in the very pits of my stomach. But, I tried my best to keep my coolâ€¦The last thing I needed was for everyone to think I was a wimp. "Roger that, Command." I responded somewhat calmly. I put the ship on auto pilot, getting up from my seat and trudging to the back of the vessel. _**I really don't understand why

they built the friggin' Machine on the back of the ship and
didn't**** hook it up to a button in front. **_I thought
spitefully. _**I mean, with all the technology we have, I'd think
it'd be a simple thing to do. They could've had me done it! It's just
that simple! Even Alabama could've- **_That's when my thoughts
halted. I couldn't think of my best friend at the moment. Not now. I
had to elude my thoughts completely of Alabama andâ€ Washington. I
frowned as I bent down to reach the giant black motor's switch which
lay under its thick, rope-like wires._

_I reached under and groped the underside of the Machine attempting
to reach the tiny switch that resided deep into the Machine. "God
damnit!" I cried in absolute pain from having to stretch and twist my
arms, in ways that have never been done before, to reach the damn
switch. Finally, I reached it and retracted from the underside of the
Machine with a loud cry of, "GOD DAMNIT!" I rubbed my sore shoulder
and got off the ground. Walking back to the pilot seat, the ship
jolted and Command informed me the Machine was up and running._

_I sat, forgetting to buckle my seatbelt as I stared at the black
hole I was rapidly approaching. "Holy Fuck," I said, my eyes widening
in obvious fear. "What the fuck did I get my stupid ass into?" I sat
back as the turbulence of the ship got worse. "Command?" I asked, my
voice raising in panic. "Am I supposed to feel this much turbulence
when the Machine is on?" The ship rattled harder. The black hole was
beginning to suck me in! I let a squeal of panic escape my lips.
"Calm down, Agent Florida!" Command yelled, frustrated. "Remember,
there's always turbulence while-HEY! Don't touch that! HEY! NOâ€ YOU!
YOU TWO AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE HERE!" I was much to panicked to worry
about what was happening back at Headquarters._

_The ship made an awkward and sudden jerk which lunged me completely
out of my seat. I laid, prostrate on the ground as I attempted to
pick myself up as the shaking got worse. When I finally threw myself
into my seat, a red light started blinking rapidly on the pilot
board. That's when I decided to get a grip. I threw myself into work,
attempting everything I could to get myself out of this situation.
"__**WARNING! MAIN ENGINES ARE OFFLINE! WARNING! FUEL OFFLINE!
WARNING! AUTO PILOT DISABLED! RED ALERT! RED ALERT!**__" the ship
yelled at me as I struggled to get the ship under control. "Switching
to Manual Override!" I called out. I gripped the steering wheel as I
tried to manually fly the plane._

_No use. It continued to be sucked in by the black hole.
"__**WARNING! WARNING! SYSTEM MALFUNCTION! PLEASE EVACUATE!**__" the
ship continued to yell. "SHIT!" I cursed, banging on the pilot board
so hard buttons flew off. "WHAT IS THIS SHIP MADE OF? STYROFORM?" I
exclaimed loudly. "Mayday, Mayday! Command, pull me in!" I called
into the microphone. No response. "MAYDAY, MAYDAY! COMMAND, I NEED
ASISSTANCE! NOW! PULL ME IN!" I yelled louder. No response. "GOD
DAMNIT, COMMAND! PULL ME THE FUCK IN OR I SWEAR IF I DIE, I'M GOING
TO COME BACK TO LIFE AND BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF ALL OF YOU! ESPECIALLY
YOU, GEOFF!" I yelled one last time. _

_Suddenly, a voice that reminded me strongly of whiskey and cigars
sounded like a slap to the face, the voice I couldn't stand at the
moment, the voice of the Director. "Agent Florida! Get a grip on
yourself! You will complete the mission! Are we clear? I repeat,
Complete the Mission! You are the Agent who volunteered and you are
the only one qualified! Do I make myself clear? We will not pull you

back!" I sat there, silent and passive. I let the ship throw me off my seat again. As I lay there on the ground, I realized this was it. I was dead. This was the end of my life. The ship threw me back and forth as I struggled to get a hold on something. I groaned and moaned as I was tossed around like a ragdoll. The ship emitted red blinking lights and blaring siren sounds as I cried. I continued to squeal in panic and grope the air for something solid. I had to stop letting the ship jostle me around._

A bright light flashed as I felt my whole body squeeze. I cried in pain as the black hole sucked up Phoenix Seven-Niner like a ramen noodle. Tears streamed down my face as I sobbed in panic. "HELP ME!" I screamed while I sobbed. That's when I let the most piercing and terrifying scream I've ever had pass between my lips. Then, everything went black as I felt my ship plummet through open space.

I heard male voices as I slightly came to. I felt as though someone had dropped a 1 ton weight on my body like in those old cartoons. "Arizona? ARIZONA! Is that you?" I heard someone call. The voice was familiar but somewhat different. It seemed a thousand times more serious and husky than what it used to be. Who had I been thinking about? Who was this strange person I heard calling my name? I felt some of the weight being lifted off of my body. "Arizona! Please, let it be you!" He continued to chant. I wanted to call back. I wanted to say I was right here and that it was me but my voice seemed to be lost. I couldn't speak. I couldn't move. I felt myself coming in and out of consciousness. A bright light flashed and I felt myself being pulled up. Something dripped from my head as this familiar voice pulled off my helmet. The sun was too bright to get a look at the man's face. Who was he? Why did he know me? "Arizona! Say something!" He pleaded. I tried to look at him but my body merely fell limp, throwing me back into unconsciousness.

End
file.